The answer to these and similar questions is that Tahiti is an isle of dreams. Dreams are dreams. They are not realities. They may be very lovely, they may make life worth living, but they will not themselves fill the belly or clothe the back. And the results to-day of banking on Hermann Melville and later writers of his kind are extremely unpleasant. There comes to Tahiti a regular stream of nature-worshippers and beauty seekers (to give them the pleasantest names) who end in hospital or prison or steerage on a cargo steamer or the cemetery and who make themselves a great nuisance in the process. If publicity will do anything to stop them, let me do it. It is worth doing in the interests of those of us who live there, and even in their own*

As has been said, the old Tahiti is as dead as the Middle Ages. Its people have been exterminated, its beauty has been ravished, its very

tradition almost obliterated. The tourist of a day or even of a month sees no more of the real Tahiti of the past than he would see at a well conducted Colonial Exhibition. If he wants amorous adventure be bad much better go to Paris. If he wants